

The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 25 to 28
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 15,452.

FREEDOM FOR NEW YORK.

The Citizens' Union Committee on Excise Reform favors District-Attorney Jerome's plan of permitting the saloons in this city to keep open from 1 to 11 P. M. on Sundays. Police Commissioner Greene's scheme of an India-rubber law to be manipulated by three men does not appeal to the reformers' sense of practicality.

Very few members of the Citizens' Union can be called friends of the saloons. They simply recognize the fact that it is "a condition, not a theory, that confronts us." It is not a question of closing or opening the saloons. It is a question of opening them, legally or illegally. If they are to be opened legally we may have a prospect of electing and re-electing an honest city government. Otherwise we shall be governed most of the time by an administration that will simply refuse to enforce the excise laws, and incidentally will ignore any other laws it finds inconvenient as well.

The people of New York have been held up since the late election as a shameless rabble who prefer corruption to honesty. That is a caricature. The majority of New Yorkers want honesty, but some of them want liberty more. It is always a dangerous thing in a community like this to set integrity in opposition to freedom, and ask the people to choose between them. They ought to be allowed to have both. It is especially dangerous to force the choice upon them when it is complicated with class jealousy. In New York any man of a certain social stratum can visit his accustomed resorts and obtain his accustomed refreshment all day and every day in the week. But the man who has no club, no private sideboard, and no welcome in hotel cafes, must be tied up in leading strings one day in seven, and allowed to drink only what his ruler in Albany thinks is good for him. He notes the injustice, and he gets even for it at the polls.

Hitherto every attempt at excise reform has run against the stolid refusal of the rural legislators to consider any other public opinion than that of their own districts. But things are happening which may disturb even those densely complacent minds. It is not alone that the present excise laws bind this city helplessly to Tammany. A Tammany administration in New York does not of itself greatly disturb the up-State legislative conscience. But in reducing the Republican organization in the city to a skeleton the Raines excise policy threatens Republican ascendancy in the State. A Democratic Governor and Legislature, with a personal-registration law on their heels, would be a terror to which even home rule in excise matters might seem preferable.

THE ESSENCE OF TRAGEDY.

If you want to realize genuine, poignant tragedy, consider that little despatch from Chicago which tells how an ironworker clung for five minutes to a beam over a shaft a hundred feet deep, and then, seeing no rescue, fell and was killed. Help came a moment too late.

To aid your mind to grasp the real meaning of this incident, swing yourself from the top of your door-frame and hold on for five minutes. At the end of ten seconds you will wonder whether the clock has not stopped; in thirty seconds you will be sure it has. If you hold on longer than a minute you are a person of remarkable perseverance. But keep it up as long as you can and then reflect that below you Death lurks like a hungry monster eager to devour you, and that all that keeps you from his open jaws is the grip of your straining fingers. And as you look desperately for the help that never comes you hold on for another eternal minute, and another, and another, and another, and then—you drop. Talk about the emotions of the drowning—what a psychological story the feelings of that ironworker would have made!

STREETS THROUGH BUILDINGS.

The erection of a twenty-five-story building covering two blocks and a half is said to depend upon the question whether the city can legally close Thames street, or whether an attempt to do so would cause the street to revert to the Bayard heirs. Why should it be necessary to close any street? A building two blocks and a half long and as high as the tower of Madison Square Garden would be an imposing spectacle, but would it be any less so if the streets it crossed were carried through it in arcades? The arcade plan is going to be the solution of many architectural difficulties in the grandiose New York of the future, in which it will often be necessary to extend buildings beyond the limits of a single block. The Pennsylvania Railroad is already preparing to make use of it. What interest, public or private, would not be better served by it than by closing a street?

SOME LITERARY METHODS.

At a meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of the National Art Theatre Society yesterday Mrs. Martha McCullough Williams betrayed a singular misconception of the working methods of two of the most distinguished living American authors. "If we ever get the theatre," she said, "let us have 'serial' authors, who turn out a play every morning before breakfast. We don't want to rely on people like Clyde Fitch and Cyrus Townsend Brady, who can work four typewriters at once, one with each hand and one with each foot."

Both of the masters so irreverently handled are far too capable business men to waste their priceless energies on running typewriters. Mr. Fitch works like the coal miner, who digs from the earth the stores accumulated by the long activity of the sun. Through the years before the managers discovered him he was quietly piling up plays, and now all he has to do is to go to his trunk and dig them out.

Mr. Brady's methods are different. He seats himself in a revolving chair at the centre of a circle on whose periphery six alert stenographers are ranged at equal intervals. When the decks are cleared for action Mr. Brady rotates rapidly on his axis, like the turret of a monitor, discharging a sentence at each stenographer as she comes within range. After a sufficient number of revolutions, six distinct masterpieces are ready to transcribe for the press.

Wood, the Emancipator.—So slavery has been abolished in the Moro provinces of our empire; After killing the Moros, General Wood, the Great Emancipator, has freed their slaves. The strained relations existing for some time between the Government and the Constitution, which insists that slavery shall not exist in the United States or "any place subject to their jurisdiction," may now be eased.

Little Tragedies Strikingly Told in Four Words.



WOO



RUE



SUE



BLUE

The Man Who Wears a Red Necktie.

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith.

THE man with the red necktie does not wear the glaring bit of color at his throat from choice. Of course he thinks he does, but the red necktie is a case of pre-destination. Men born to it cannot escape it. They do not choose but are chosen.

Persons who object to the red necktie and consider it an evidence of bad taste in the wearer should remember this and let their judgment err on mercy's side. Others whose eyes rejoice in its flaming color should likewise recollect it and not allow its mere alluring aspect to influence them.

It is not reasonable to suppose that the fierce, piratical person sitting opposite you in the car—the man with the lowering eyebrows, the wilding black mustache and the face like a thunder-cloud, deliberately adds to his long, low, rakish, piratical appearance by the addition of a red necktie. And yet there it is with perhaps a dog's head or two crossed miniature riding stocks thrust through it.

Nor is it conceivable that the tall, emaciated blond with his pale wisps of hair that almost seem to be tangled in his scalp from excessive brushing, who faces you from the church choir intentionally calls attention to his lack of good red blood by the bit of scarlet under his choker collar. But it is there nevertheless.

For the strangest thing about the red tie is that its favorite victims are the very dark man and the very blond man. The person of medium complexion it lets sweetly alone.

The red tie, though an involuntary affliction, cannot be accounted for on the ground of heredity which, in these days seems to be merely the explanation of our neighbors' virtues and of our own shortcomings, for it does not run in families. A very delicate father who wears only the severest black or white, as occasion warrants, may have a son who affects the most startling ties, and investigation will fail to reveal any former wearer of red in a long line of ancestors.

Worn by the proper man, a red tie is sometimes pleasing. But generally it is the man whose ferocity it caricatures or whose inanity it accentuates who wears it. Red is the tone of clothes, the condiment of color, and as such should be used sparingly and with discretion. Putting it on very dark man, is like dumping tobacco into chili sauce, and on a pale one like pouring it on one's porridge.

The Important Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Awards the \$10 Prize for the Best "Evening Fudge" Headline, and Doesn't Give Satisfaction to Anybody but the Winner.



The Winner of the \$10 Prize for the "Evening Fudge" Headline, Printed in the Third Scene Above, Is James B. Thomas, No. 66 Livingston Street, Brooklyn.



The Man Higher Up.

Collapse of the Gambling Crusade.

"SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that District-Attorney Jerome has asked for the discharge of all the gamblers he had indicted, with the exception of Canfield."

"Why not?" asked the Man Higher Up. "After a theatrical production is played out what does the manager do with the scenery? Put gravity on it and eat it or plant it in a safe-deposit vault? Nay, nay. He cuts it out of the frames and sloughs it."

"The gambling raids that Jerome made with a full corps of supers and light effects were performances that boosted him as a star. It was a long way to the election those times, and William Travers had hoped it out that the people looked upon Mayor Low as a man who made his own law. There had to be a Fusion ticket, and it was figured in some political dope joints that His Honor the Mayor would fail to himself and withdraw from the entry list."

"The Jerome reputation was made with a brass band, a fire and drum corps and a long parade of persons swinging red lights and rattling brass checks and ivory chips. After he had proved himself to be the best press agent and publicity promoter the Fusion movement ever had, he had to keep up his gait or take standing room only with the has-beens."

"With the city of New York for a stage, a contingent fund that was disgustingly fat and an army of willing workers who were anxious to have a good time at the city's expense back of him, it was up to him to perform, and he did. The gambling houses constituted the scenery and the gamblers were the set rocks. "You remember those raids he made? Always, after the regular theatres were out, Jerome's Scintillant Aggregation of Window Smashers, Gun Pushers, Gum-Shoe Performers and Bric-a-Brac Lifters could be depended upon to give a free show. The next day and the day after the papers would be full of the Jerome performance, and the only place you could find the name of Low was at the end of the city advertisements."

"There was a frost on the City Hall. James Reynolds, Esq., private secretary to the Mayor, bit his finger nails until his manicure was in despair. It reminded me of a show in which a common trouper of the company jumps to the front on the opening night and eclipses the star."

"But the Mayor didn't fall to himself. When it came time to sign out for the campaign he let the committee know that he was open for another engagement. He was modest enough to say that he had made good and that he thought he could make good again. It was up to Jerome to stay in the District-Attorney's office for two years more, so he dug up his star plays and prepared to put them in the Morgue. The dismissal of the cases against the gamblers marks the close of his first season."

"He may break loose again after Tammany gets in, at that. It is hard to get away from the atmosphere when you have once held the centre of the stage. "Jerome must feel awfully disappointed at having to put the kibosh on himself in the gambling thing," ventured the Cigar Store Man.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the Man Higher Up. "Didn't he discover Sleeth Jacobs?"

\$500 IN PRIZES.

The Girl in Blue.

A Romance of Business-Girl Life in New York. By Albert Payson Terhune.

\$500 IN PRIZES.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Hilda Gilchrist, stenographer in a law firm, is loved by Hyde Clayton, junior member of the firm, and by Jack Furlong, clerk. Clayton believes that Hilda's uncle, whose title she is, is a fortune teller. This estate cannot be found, although Hilda has a number of relatives. Bruce volunteers to find it. Bruce volunteers to find it. Bruce volunteers to find it.

CHAPTER VI.

False Clues and True Love.

DISPITE the excitement of the quickly-extinguished fire and of the accident to Hyde Clayton, the morning passed all too slowly for Hilda Gilchrist and Bruce.

The latter was summoned in conference by Judge Clarke, senior partner of the firm, and left the great man's presence with a buoyant step and shining eyes. Yet good as was the news he had received it was soon momentarily forgotten in his anxiety for Hilda and his hopes of her success in discovering the coveted fortune.

Arrived at noon he and the girl left the building together and plunged into the eddying human river that swept up and down Broadway. Southward they walked along that mighty thoroughfare, heedless of hurrying crowds, deaf to the wild roar of traffic.

At length they climbed the steps of the narrow, dingy street at whose head Trinity's brown spire looks down on many an unchurched transaction, they turned eastward. Past the Sub-Treasury they wound their way among the set-faced financiers, spruce brokers and hurrying clerks.

At length they climbed the steps of

the sooty, gray building in which the Aaron Burr Safe Deposit Company has its vaults.

Furlong met them, greeting Jack cordially and bestowing a look of open admiration on the latter's pretty companion.

Terse and clearly Bruce explained the situation with:

"We would have called yesterday, but it was too late. Knowing how long you stay here at night, I thought at first of calling you up on the 'phone, but"—

"Why, you did call me up," interrupted Furlong.

"I?"

"Certainly. At about 7.30. You asked me who rented Box 5,370, in our vaults, and—"

"But, Mr. Furlong," broke in Hilda, "at exactly 7.30 last evening Mr. Bruce was walking toward the Sixth Avenue Elevated. I remember looking across at the City Hall clock just as we turned into Park place. It was half-past seven, to the minute."

"Some one overheard us at the office and sent the message after we had gone," said Jack, in a troubled voice.

"Both Raynor and Clayton were still there. It was a case of eavesdropping. I'm afraid they mean mischief. What reply did you give?"

"I'm sorry," answered Furlong, contritely. "But you know how hard it is to detect a voice over the telephone."

"That's all right," said Bruce, impatiently. "But who was the lessee of Box 5,370?"

"Why, as I told the man over the 'phone, there is no box 5,370. There are only 5,000 boxes in our vaults."

"Good Lord!" groaned Bruce, "dancing hastily at Hilda."

"It's—it's all right," she said bravely,

trying to answer his troubled look by smiling through the mist of disappointed eyes.

"We were mistaken, that's all. We're no worse off than we were before. Thank you very much for your kindness in the matter, Mr. Furlong."

The two fortune hunters retraced their steps in silence from the street they had entered so buoyantly a few minutes earlier.

"There's one comfort," observed Hilda with a forced laugh as they turned north into Nassau street, "we are not the first to invade Wall street with golden dreams of fortune leading us on, only to wake suddenly to find ourselves as poor as Job. I don't feel hungry, so let's give up our idea of a triumphal march and take a walk instead. It will clear our hearts of the mists of disappointment."

"It is selfish of me, I know," said Jack after a few moments, "but I can't be as sorry over your chagrin as I ought."

She glanced up at him in surprise, a little hurt by the glad yet anxious smile that wreathed his face.

"You see," he went on, "I had a stroke of good luck this morning. Mr. Clarke, in spite of some opposition on Clayton's part, offered to-day to take me into the firm. He has been watch-

ing my work, he says, and he is pleased with it. He will make me a regular member of the firm to replace poor Hafels who died last month. It will mean extra work and extra responsibilities for me, of course. But it is a start, and if I improve my opportunities there is no limit to the heights I may reach. And, moreover, instead of having to slave on \$15 a week, as I have been doing, my income will support me in comfort and will even permit me to marry."

"Oh, I am so glad for you!" cried Hilda, her own disappointment forgotten in joy over Bruce's good fortune. "How splendid! And how good of you to tell me before anyone else."

"It would have been selfish of me to break in on your trouble with such news," he returned, "were it not for one thing. Hilda, the only cloud that darkened my bright prospects was the fear that a comparatively poor man—as I still am—had no right to ask a girl of wealth to share his lot. Now that her dream of wealth has vanished can you blame me for not feeling sorry?"

A wild, crimson flood of color swept over Hilda Gilchrist's face, and her heart throbbed madly, joyously.

"Jack!" she murmured, with averted head.

"Hilda," he breathed, leaning down and trying vainly to read his fate in

her face. "My good fortune will be as dust and ashes to me unless you will share it. I am not worthy of you. No man is. But my whole aim in life shall be to make you happy. No one can love you as I do. Tell me, is that love all in vain?"

Without a word she turned and looked up into his face. A single glance at her big eyes, swimming in love unpossession, gave him his answer; and the discordant street noises swelled into a glorious psalm of triumphant joy.

Without a word he caught her arm and drew her into the shelter of a doorway. Before she guessed his purpose he had stooped and kissed her full on the lips.

"Oh, Jack!" she gasped, with a little cry, and again they turned to the street.

The squalid doorway which they had momentarily converted into love's bow-er led up a flight of narrow stairs to a typewriting agency. In a little glass showcase abutting on the sidewalk was a typewriter. As the lovers stepped into the street Jack glanced unconsciously at the machine's keyboard.

"Look!" he said, gravely, "as one typewriter led us to false hopes, so another witnesses the fulfillment of the dearest hope life could hold for me."

"Wait!" she cried, moved by a sudden inspiration, as he was starting away.

She drew from her purse the cipher, "How foolish we were!" she exclaimed, "believe I've another clue. See, we used the letters to the left of the letters indicated in the cipher, but we never thought that perhaps important use also to use the figures at the left of the figures in the cipher."

"Catching the combination began to transpire," Bruce drew out a pencil and his copy of the cipher and, using the typewriter for reference, began to transcribe the numbers. On the top line of the keyboard were the numerals in order from 8 to 4.

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The number to the left of 5 was 4, that to the left of 4 was 3, to the left of 3 was 2, to the left of 2 was 1. The zero was represented by the 'Universal Keyboard,' was represented by the letter 'O'.

"How about this?" asked Jack, puzzled for the moment. "I've got the numbers 428, but how can I get a figure next to a letter?"

"Easily!" exclaimed Hilda, a quiver with excitement. "See, the letter 'I' is just to the left of 'O'. 'I' is used for the figure 'one' on the keyboard. The number of the box thus runs 4281."

With hurrying feet they retraced their steps between the towering walls that line that tortuous canyon, known as Nassau street. They collided with pedestrians and narrowly escaped being run over by vehicles. The crustiest man whom they jostled would check his exclamation of anger after one look at the ridiculously happy faces of the man and girl.

In time they arrived at Wall street and the old-fashioned building of the Aaron Burr Company.

A little later, the legal complications being disposed of, Furlong conducted them to the vaults that lay beneath the building. The Company was an old-fashioned one and conservative as the edifice it occupied. Modern improvements in the way of steel mob-proof vaults were unknown to it.

Still, to Hilda's impractical eyes, the place seemed impressively strong.

The dust-coated iron box bearing the number 4281 was selected and carried to the inner sanctum.

A simultaneous cry of delight broke from the lovers' lips on sight of the name "Abel March" on the cover.

Furlong unlocked the receptacle and lifted its dusty lid.

All three peered eagerly into the box, expecting to be blinded by a glitter of wealth.

Then a triple sigh of dismay rose on the air.

Save for a single sheet of blank paper Abel March's strong box was empty!

(To Be Continued.)

The blank for answers to "The Girl in Blue" will appear again Monday. It is omitted to-day for lack of space.